

## Golden Thread by Verbo

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**Summary:**

It's New Year's Eve, 1982, and tonight you might actually have a chance to act on your long-standing crush on Chief Jim Hopper. (Spoiler: You totally do)

## Golden Thread

New Year's Eve in the town of Waterdeep, Indiana means nobody has to work. Except you, that is.

The bar where you serve drinks gets good business all year, but December 31st is just one of those nights where the place is bursting at the seams. You get your usuals, but you also get people from every town in a 20-mile radius looking to forget how much they spent on Christmas presents. Or to forget how lonely they are. The holidays have a way of being the happiest and saddest time of the year all at once.

In the back, you tie on your half-apron in preparation for a seemingly endless night that starts at 3pm and has a good chance of not ending until 12 hours later. You already know from experience that your feet will be killing you tomorrow, but the tips you'll rake in will almost make it worth it.

Plus, you might get to see your favorite customer, and that possibility always makes the night go by faster.

He comes in every once in a while, drinks two or three cheap beers, then makes the thirty-minute trip back to Hawkins, where you understand he works as chief of their tiny police force. You make jabs about it whenever you can, even though Waterdeep only has Hawkins' population beat by 1,000.

Sure enough, Jim Hopper strolls in right on cue at 3 o'clock sharp, joining a couple of other patrons who have already set up shop for the long haul.

“Ah, my biggest tipper- I mean, my favorite customer,” you start, always eager to engage him in conversation right away. “Stopped any hoodlums from tipping cows lately?”

Hopper chuckles and fires back, without pause, “Enabled any alcoholics?”

“Just you, chief,” you reply with a sly smile. The smiles always come easier when he stops by.

The towering man sits at your bar, directly across from you. You can't deny that you like it best when he comes in his uniform. He isn't the buffest or youngest guy you've ever been attracted to, but god, he's cute. That hat. That smirk. Just, ugh.

If the teasing from your co-workers is anything to go by, everyone knows that you've got it pretty bad for the chief. Save, perhaps, for the chief himself.

It all started off innocently enough when you met last year. Hopper was polite and, all joking aside, a generous tipper. That alone already made his silhouette in the door a far more welcome sight than most of your other customers. It didn't hurt that he was dangerously handsome and could probably charm the birds right down from the sky with those sweet blue eyes and easy grin.

He always let you test out your crazy new alcoholic concoctions on him even though he much preferred beer or straight liquor. And

every week that the Russians don't nuke you all to oblivion, he puts a dollar in your jar as per your previous agreement.

And then one night he showed you how he could tie a cherry stem into a knot with just his tongue and that's probably when you started *really* having to try to block out the dirty thoughts about him.

Hopper takes off the tan hat, sits it on the countertop, and smooths his dark blonde hair. You notice it's almost touching the starched collar of his shirt and looking at his neck makes you swallow for some reason. You force yourself to look away and keep the mood light. He can't really be getting to you this quickly, can he?

"Shouldn't you cut your hair so the teenage delinquents don't mistake you for one of them?"

"Thanks for noticing. I'll cut my hair whenever I damn well please, *mom*," Hop chides, rolling his eyes good-naturedly. He lights up a cigarette and takes a long drag, then taps the counter with two solid fingers. "Get pourin', missy. The one I have when I'm havin' more than one."

You get to work filling a frosty glass to the top with PBR, the cheapest in the house, and put it in front of him with a look of mock disgust.

"Oof, you *know* I hate pouring that shit," you groan. "Smells like three fat guys in a two-man tent. Rough day, chief?"

“Rough year,” Hopper grumbles and slams back the drink like it’s a shot, followed by another long drag on his cigarette. Looks like he means business tonight. You pour him another without delay, feeling a touch of concern but staying quiet.

Sometimes Hop does a good job of hiding it, but tonight, there is definitely pain in those eyes. You hadn’t noticed when you first met him, but now you’d have to be blind not to. The pain seems to cut so wide and deep that you wonder how there’s any of the man left. A pain that he seems to sit with if he sits at your bar for long enough.

But Hopper’s never shared and you’ve never worked up the courage to pry. You wonder what’s making him hurt tonight.

Thankfully, it’s easy to distract yourself from the thought by tending to the customers that have quickly piled up on all sides of the square bar. You keep the alcohol flowing and field compliments left and right from lonely men probably looking to get lucky on the last night of the year. It’s part of the job.

No matter how busy you get, though, you make sure the chief always has a full glass and another terrible pickup line.

“You like whales?” you ask at some point, practically having to shout over the crowd. Hopper quirks an eyebrow. “Because we can Humpback at my place.”

It’s so delightful to hear his laugh, to see the crinkles around his eyes get deeper. Little by little, bad beer and worse jokes have lightened the gloom he was carrying with him when he came in. You can’t help

but feel a little swell of pride.

“You free tonight?” he shoots back with a wicked grin. “Because I just spent all my money on beer.”

“ *Jim!* ”

You reach across the counter to punch playfully at his shoulder and both of you are snorting with laughter.

“Assaulting an officer?” Hopper scoffs. “Psh, you’re practically *asking* to be handcuffed.”

“Oh, that’s real cute, but I’m pretty sure you’re outside of your jurisdiction, chief,” you reply, turning your head to be better heard by your fellow bartender. “Besides, if I wanted to be handcuffed, I’d just go ask... *Chief Rooney* .”

Your emphasis on the name of Waterdeep P.D.’s finest has the desired effect - your co-worker chimes in, gushing about how hot the tall, dark and muscular Rooney is. You watch with glee as Hopper’s face sours and he downs the rest of his beer in stony silence. Messing with him is so much fun.

It’s always like this when he comes in during your shifts. When you aren’t on the clock, you’ve heard he’s pleasant but doesn’t stay long. But every time the stars over Indiana align just right and you’re here together, it’s a game of give and take. Alternating between hedging

your bets and going all in. Seeing how far you can push the envelope with a brand of flirting that's gotten more and more overt since the first time you saw him.

Which, come to think of it, was on New Year's Eve of last year, during your first week working here. Funny.

The atmosphere is tinged with cynicism - these guys all know that it's the same shit in a different year. Some of them are wrestling with the possibility that the best years have already passed. Normally, you'd be ruminating right along with them, but tonight you're feeling inexplicably lighthearted, even hopeful. The patrons who stumble out are quickly replaced, but the chief has lingered much longer than usual and you couldn't be happier about that.

When the big moment comes and the T.V. in the corner shows that giant lit-up ball touch down on the roof of One Times Square, your eyes meet with Hopper's and he raises his glass to you with a smile so gentle that it makes you tear up a little, for some reason.

And then, as fate would have it, as you're leaving the ladies' room around 1 o'clock, he's about to go in the men's.

It's just the two of you looking at each other in this narrow, dim hallway in the back of the building, and the rest of the world seems to have melted away. This is the closest you've ever been to Jim Hopper, now that there's no wooden bar distancing you.

Now you can easily see for yourself just how massive he is, how well he fills out that uniform. His shadow falls across you, covering you

completely. Something dark and heavy blooms to life in your chest.

“You free tonight?” Hop asks again with the same devious smile from earlier.

You try to defuse the heightened tension by playing off the building heat in the pit of your stomach. You’ve gotten a lot of practice stifling it. The heat is rising, though, and overtaking your cheeks. Why is it so bad tonight?

“Yeah, yeah, you spent all your money. You know, jokes aren’t as funny if you tell them twice.”

Hopper steps a little closer, and that’s when you smell his scent for the first time - Aramis and Old Spice mixed with cigarettes and something else you can’t put a finger on but is, frankly, starting to make you wet.

“No, really,” he says, softer this time. A wave of shock rolls over you when you realize he might actually be serious. The look in his vividly blue eyes, hesitant hopefulness mixed with barely-concealed hunger, is not helping the wet panties situation.

Those eyes are currently unabashedly focused on the spot where your neck meets your shoulder. You shiver when you think about that perfect mouth sucking on the skin there. You can almost feel his beard scraping against your clavicle and oh wow it’s time to stop thinking about that.



This feels like a make-or-break moment. A chance to do something other than fall into bed and sleep through the first day of the new year. Even if that something is just goofing off with the chief.

Who knows, maybe you'll finally get that kiss you've been thinking way too much about.

"I'll probably get off around three," you say simply. Before Hopper can respond, you're turning away and smiling at him over your shoulder in the picture of cool confidence. But really, your pounding heart is drowning out all other sound in your ears. Is this really freaking happening?

"Hey," Hop says suddenly, and reaches out to touch your arm. You startle at the feeling, totally not expecting the way your skin reacts to his. His hand is big and warm and makes the hair on your arm stand on end. "I'm gonna wait for you. If that's okay."

*Nothing has ever been more okay* , you think, but you only say, "Okay, Hop."

You've been bitten by lust before, sure, but now you're being devoured.

The rest of the night is spent exchanging few words with the chief but plenty of charged glances. He stopped drinking a long time ago but he hasn't stopped watching you. You don't want to get your hopes up, but you're pretty sure he doesn't want to just hang out.

Finally, at 2:45, the last customer has staggered out to the waiting cab that you called for them. Hopper isn't around, but you don't think he chickened out. Probably just giving you space to get your work done before...whatever is about to happen.

Your heart is absolutely vibrating in your chest but you try to keep your wits about you enough to do what you need to do before locking the doors and stepping out into the freezing night.

Sure enough, there's the Hawkins, P.D. truck in the deserted parking lot, engine running and lights on under the glow of the single streetlamp. You approach the tan truck with determination churning inside you. Make or break. Hopper rolls the window down and opens his mouth, but you cut him off.

"My place or yours?"

There's no denying the excitement that's been ramping up since this afternoon (hell, since last New Year's), and now there's no denying that you want to do something about it. Maybe you misread the situation, but at least the air is clear now.

Hopper considers for a moment, expression unreadable, before he responds with conviction.

"Follow me."

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A trailer in the middle of nowhere is hardly the place in which you'd fantasized fucking Hopper, but like hell you're complaining about it. The stars are shining so bright and clear away from the city lights that it makes you pause in awe for a moment before you remember your nerve.

You take his hand and tug him toward the door, listening as his heavy footsteps and his struggles to find the right key echo throughout the surrounding forest. Hopper stumbles on the last step, pushes against you from behind as he shakily unlocks the door. You can feel the beginnings of his arousal pressing into the small of your back. You don't think your legs will carry you in, but they manage somehow.

Once inside, you note that the interior matches the exterior. Rough-and-tumble, like the man who lives here. The scratched-up coffee table in the middle of the small living room is absolutely covered with a rainbow assortment of beer cans and cigarette boxes. The couch is a jumble of socks and blankets that spills onto the floor. Hopper stands beside you and assesses the room with a touch of embarrassment that looks good on his rugged features.

"Wow, Hop, do you even have anywhere to sit around here?" you joke as you put down your stuff.

"Yeah, I guess it isn't the most glamorous digs that ever existed," Hopper laughs, then winks dramatically. "But hey, honey, long as I've got a face, you've got somewhere to sit."

"Oh my god! *Hopper!* "

The chief puts his hands up in mock-defense against the resulting onslaught, but manages to grab your wrist and lead you over to his couch. You watch with great anticipation as the pile of clothes gets relegated to the carpet, and Hopper sits. He only has to wait for a moment for you to take things from there.

You crawl into Hopper's lap and press desperate kisses to his lips, his beard, his cheeks, his temples, his neck while his hands roam all over you. Your own hands are tangled up in his shirt, anchoring him in place against you. Your chest is tight, tight, tight with anticipation and a year's worth of longing.

When you feel his growing arousal through his pants, positioned perfectly between your legs, your already-tingling groin goes haywire with need. You can't get his shirt off fast enough. You've been *dying* to see what's under there, and his bare chest and soft middle don't disappoint.

While your eager hands get familiar with every inch of his torso, Hopper gets to work on your black uniform shirt. His fingers are thick but nimble, and your clothes are quickly discarded in the growing pile on the carpet beside the couch. It's pretty clear that you're getting more than a kiss.

You break your fevered lips from his long enough to unbuckle your bra, and Hopper tugs it the rest of the way off. To the floor it goes. Hop's breathing becomes more hitched as he takes your breasts into his hands, then stops completely when you lie down and pull him down with you.

In moments, Hopper has you out of your panties and is busying himself making you feel fucking incredible with his tongue.

He's kissing and licking and sucking and stroking and his lips and tongue have such perfect texture and pressure that your eyes can't help but roll back while your mind totally loses all sense of time and place. Your moans are growing in volume and succession in a sign that you can't take much more.

Hopper takes the hint and shoves his trousers off hastily. He gets into position, but you put a hand on his chest to slow him. He freezes at your touch.

"What's wrong, darlin'?"

"No, nothing, I just...don't you want me to reciprocate? I mean, *I* want-"

"There's nothing I want more right now than to get inside you," Hop interrupts, blue eyes locked to yours, and the fire in your pussy threatens to burn you to a crisp. "I'm ready if you a-"

"Ready," you blurt out so quickly and assuredly that Hopper laughs in surprise. You wrap your legs around his waist, tugging insistently. "Less talking, more fucking, if you please."

The humor is gone from his face in an instant. That's when you feel the firm head of his cock pressing up against your slick entrance and

instinctively arch your back to offer him easy access.

“ *God* , you’re wet,” Hopper breathes incredulously. He guides his tip maddeningly slowly up your folds and tortures your swollen clit with it, seemingly revelling in the fact that you’re so very ready for him. You whine impatiently.

“H- *ah* , damn it, Hop, what did I just say?”

Hopper obeys. He slides the first bit of his length inside you with no problem, but he has to give you time to adjust to the rest of his thickness. He feels so damn good that your lust-drunk mind briefly entertains the thought of never letting another man inside you. Hopper clenches his eyes shut and stifles a groan.

“ *Fuck* , sugar, you feel so much better than I thought you would.”

“God, Hop, you too,” you reply, pulling him down for a deep kiss. Tongue in your mouth, Hopper pushes the rest of the way up inside you and the feeling of your insides molding perfectly around him is not one you’ll soon forget. Your voice, strained and uncontrollable, cries out his name in the darkness, just like you’d imagined it would.

Hopper starts off slow, giving you both time to savor the situation, but it’s clear that this pace won’t do.

“Shit, ‘m not gonna last long,” he groans, looking flustered. “Sorry, baby.”

Your only response is to lean up and bite into his shoulder, which makes Hopper hiss and jut into you. The resulting yelp of pleasure has him repeating the action, drawing out his length to the tip before plunging back into you in a relentless cycle.

His voice pierces through your haze, animalistic and panting right by your ear as he fucks you hard.

“Wanted you - hah, *fuck* - wanted you for so goddamn long. Thought I might *explode* .”

Hopper reaches between you to rub your clit, and a rasp breaks through your parted lips as you come harder than you’ve ever come before.

“Hopper, *ah*, *Hopper* , me too, oh *christ* , me too.”

The jolting from the couch is sending beer cans on the coffee table toppling to the floor with metallic clangs of protest.

“Fuck, gonna come, fuck, fuck, *fuck* ...”

“Come on, Hop, come for me, baby-”

Hopper pulls out, rips off the condom, and coats your chest and belly

in bursts of hot, thick come. The look on his face is one you think you could look at forever and never tire of.

Hopper slumps forward but catches himself on his free hand, damp forehead touching yours, breathing hard in unison with you. You grasp at him, desperate to keep him near, and he smiles down at you with a touch of incredulity as he brushes your tousled hair out of your eyes.

Damn it all to hell, you think you might be falling in love.

That's the thought that you keep trying to bat away while you're shut in Hopper's bathroom, cleaning yourself off and coming down from the massive high. It's nigh impossible to believe that, after months of wondering and wishing, you're here in Hopper's house. And have seen him naked.

Your crush on the man has officially taken a one-way trip over the edge and you're not even sure what to call it anymore.

What happens now, though? Does Hopper, having gotten what he says he wanted just as much as you, disappear? Does he stick to the bars and the bartenders closer to home? And what do *you* do about that? Do you even have a say?

When you come out, you find Hop standing out on the back deck with the door open. He's shirtless and shoeless and didn't even take the time to zip his jeans before going out into the frigid night for a smoke. The first moon of 1983 is full and bright, illuminating his messy hair and contemplative expression, lost in thoughts you can't



guess but want so badly to know.

You're watching him from the foot of his bed, naked, when you decide to put down 100 on the chance that he'll be willing to make use of both of those facts.

"I hate to be needy, but that wasn't enough, Jim," you venture, trying to keep your voice steady. You're unsure if you'll be able to handle it if he sends you home. "Chances are good that you're never gonna call me."

Hopper jolts, turns to face you and quickly settles back into that roguish smirk that makes your stomach break up into butterflies. Why are you so damn nervous?

"I'm gonna...", you start, but have to swallow. He's watching you carefully, like he knows what's coming but wants to be sure. This is it. "I'm gonna need you to...to fuck me again."

That doesn't look like the face of a man about to say 'no'. Hopper exhales long and slow, then puts out his cigarette in the overflowing ashtray on the railing. Surely he's keeping you on edge on purpose.

"I'd fuck you 'til the end of time if you'd let me," the man replies, his low voice a rumble of smoke and sleeplessness. Hop steps back inside and closes the door, encasing his bedroom in darkness. He opens his arms and beckons you over with a "come here", and you happily comply.

You think he means to hold you, but when you reach his arms, Hopper wraps them tight around your waist and hoists you to a kneeling pose on the bed front of him. He holds up a finger in a 'wait' gesture and goes to grab another condom from the bedside table.

Then he's standing behind you, belly and chest flush against your back, pressing kisses down your already-shuddering spine. You hold onto his cold hands, currently gripping your hips, to keep steady, trusting him completely.

Hopper presses his tantalizingly thick cock up into your wetness with no resistance and you feel the tip brush against that most wonderful spot right away. This is your new favorite position, hands down.

You get exactly what you wanted, and it's even better than the first time.

Hopper moves in you in such a way that soon you're coming once, twice, before he reaches his own peak. He comes inside you with such force that you gasp in surprise, every cell in your body alive and attuned to the sensation of his spasms deep in your core.

Exhausted and happy, you collapse onto Hopper's bed. He dutifully cleans you both off with a scratchy hand towel from the bathroom before crawling up behind you and holding you close. Hop presses a soft kiss to the back of your neck before burying his face in your hair and you realize that this is the second time tonight that you've had to fight back tears.

Whether he's clutching you so tightly because you're you or because

he's lonely, you don't know. But you decide that it couldn't matter less at the moment.

"I *am* gonna call you, you know, if you give me your number," he says drowsily after a few minutes. You peek back at him and his smile is interrupted by a yawn. "And not just for this."

"Sure, sure," you laugh, trying not to show how much you want for that to be true. "Make me a deal, though? Next time, let's go to my place."

You'd planned on leaving right away, not wanting to overstay your welcome with a man who doesn't seem like the type to want post-coital snuggles.

But somehow, you know that wouldn't be right. It feels like this is right where you should be on the first morning of the year.

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This time you join Hopper out on the back porch, leaning against the railing, you pantsless and him shirtless, wrapped up in each other and the comforter from his bed.

Hop stands behind you, arms around your waist and chin resting on top of your head. The two of you pass a steaming mug of black coffee back and forth, watching the lake sparkle in the fiery January sunrise from the warm comfort of the blanket.

The lusher at the bar might be right. 1983 might be just as shitty as 1982. An extension of the sooty black web of bad news and bad politics and bad finances.

But Hopper might be the golden thread of hope in that web for you and, however naive it may be, you're going to let him wind himself around you as tightly as he wants.

**Author's Note:**

Happy New Year, friends! (ノ'▽')ノ\*:•° ✧

Yes, I'm late, but I hope you enjoyed it nonetheless!  
Please do let me know what you thought! This is my first Hopper smut and I need ideas for more because my thirst cannot be quenched. Δ( ̳ )➤